Bush. Tis nothing but conceite (my gracious Lady,
Queene. Tis nothing leſſe, Conceite is ſtill deriude
From ſome forefather Griefe, mine is not ſo;
For nothing hath begot my ſomething griefe,
Or ſomething hath the nothing that I grieue,
Tis in reuerſion that I doe poſſeſſe:
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, tis nameleſſe woe I wot.
Greene. God ſaue your Maieſtie, & well met gentlemen:
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for Ireland.
Queene. Why hopeſt thou ſo? tis better hope he is,
For his deſignes craue haſt, his haſt good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?
Greene. That he our hope might haue retirde his powre
And driuen into deſpaire an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land,
The baniſht *Bullingbrooke* repeales himſelfe,
And with vplifted armes is ſafe ariude at *Rauenſpurgh.*
Queene. Now God in heauen forbid.
Greene. Ah Madam, tis too true; and that is worſe:
Lord Northumberland, his young Son H. Percie,
ne Lords of Roſſe, Beaumond, and Willoughbie,
With all their powerfull friends, are fled to him.
Bush. Why haue you not proclaimd Northumberland
And the reſt of the reuolting faction, traytours?
Greene. We haue, whereupon the Earle of Worceſter,
Hath broke his Staffe, reſignd his Stewardſhip,
And all the houſhold ſeruants fled with him to *Bullingbrooke.*
Queene. So Greene, thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And Bullingbrooke, my ſorrowes diſmall heire:
Now hath my ſoule brought foorth her prodigie,
And I a gaſping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow ioynd.
Bush. Diſpaire not Madam.
Queene. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will diſpaire and be at enmitie
With couetous hope, he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper backe of death,

Who gently would diſſolue the b
Which falſe hope lingers in extr
Greene. Heere comes the Du
Queene. With ſignes of War
Oh full of carefull buſineſſe are
Vnckle, for Gods ſake ſpeake co
Yorke. Should I do ſo, I ſhoul
Comfort's in heauen, and we are
Where nothing liues but croſſes
Your Husband he is gone to ſau
Whilſt others come to make hi
Heere am I left to vnderprop hi
Who weake with age, cannot ſu
Now comes the ſicke houre tha
Now ſhall he trie his friends that
Seruing. My Lord, your ſonn
Yorke. He was, why ſo; go al
The Nobles they are fled, the C
And will (I feare) reuolt on *He*
Sirra, get thee to Plaſhie to my
Bid her ſend me preſently a tho
Hold take my Ring.
Ser. My Lord, I had forgot t
To day I came by and called th
But I ſhall grieue you to report
Yorke. What i'ſt knaue.
Ser. An houre before I cam
Yorke. God for his mercy I w
Comes ruſhing on this woefull
I know not what to doe: I woul
(So my vntruth had not prouo
The King had cut of my head w
What, are there two Poſts diſp
How ſhall we doe for money fo
Come Siſter, Coſin I would ſa
Goe fellow, get thee home, pro
And bring away the Armour t
Gentlemen, will you goe muſt